

## Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, undated, with transcript

Letter from Miss Mabel G. Hubbard to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. New York, Friday, (1877?) My dear Alec:

I have nothing to say to you today, except that I miss you dreadfully and that Sister is anxious you should go to the office of the American Express and see if our trunks have at length started on their homeward way. Sister said trunks, but I don't think there is but one, so if you don't see any more don't be alarmed. I am glad you reached home safely, this has been such a sad year to us, I imagined all sorts of accidents to your train. "It never rains but it pours," you know. I hope you feel better mentally and physically this bright morning. I hope Mr. Watson found the private line. Go to work on it earnestly and remember if it succeeds Papa has promised to try one between some government buildings, and get an appropriation. If you want it though you must hurry, for I see by the papers that the appropriation bills are to be hurried through as fast as possible, and that there will very likely be no adjournment during the Xmas holidays. I do hope you will be able to prove your invention is perfected enough for practical use, by using it successfully along the private wire. Perhaps there may be some defects that this trial will show, and which you can improve. I have little doubt the instruments are ready for use, but it may be that there are some things that would prevent it's succeeding in the hands of any one who knows less about it than you do. My pen won't work as I want it to, and I have just made the above awful blot in the attempt to straighten it, pray excuse the disfigurement, I am too lazy to rewrite the letter. We have been busy all day long, trying to get some clothes ready. That reminds me, I have no more time to spare, I must return to my work. I wish you were coming up 2 tonight, it would be so nice to see you. But cheer up dear, and work on just a little while longer, and then the end must come. I know of no better wish to make than that the line may give away in all manner of ways, so that the perfection of your instrument may

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be demonstrated. Couldn't you make some artificial tests and devise some way to make your instruments still less delicate and less liable to get out of order. Remember hostile eyes and hands are sharp to detect blemishes when you are act by to defend your work and one little thing may hinder it's introduction. And take good care of yourself dear, and never think that even if I can't love you as you love me, that I don't love you with all the strength my feebler nature is capable of or that I shall not be very very happy if any thing happens to you.

With much love, Your own, Mabel.